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books or papers may become the prey of some modern Goth, in the shape of a cheesemonger, as mere waste paper, I propose, that those gentlemen, who *really* take an interest in the dignity of "the land of rocks and mountains," do take into consideration the prospect, I have pointed out, of gleaning some farther knowledge among their humble countrymen, and make a tour, if I may so designate it, among them; and I feel satisfied, that their time and trouble would be amply rewarded. Trusting, this will not be deemed an intrusion upon your pages, I request its insertion, and remain

Your obedient Servant,

S. R. JACKSON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PALESTINE, a Poem by **HEBER**, and **THE BARD**, by **GRAY**,
Translated into Welsh, by **W. OWEN PUGHE**, to which are
added **MISCELLANEOUS PIECES**.—LONDON, 1822.

THE "PALESTINE" of Mr. Heber is one of the few academical prize-poems, that have survived the occasion, which gave them birth; and the poetical richness of its language, the elevated tone of feeling that pervades it, but, above all, the sublime and interesting associations, that belong to the subject, one of the most felicitous that the muse could have selected, fully entitle it to the distinction it thus enjoys. For this reason a translation of it into the language of the Cymry must, of necessity, prove an acceptable accession to our national literature, and especially when this service is performed by the author of *Coll Gwynva*, who, by every new offering of his pen, has the merit of conferring upon his country a new and essential obligation in this respect. The volume before us contains also, it will be seen, a Translation of Gray's "Bard," and some Miscellaneous Poems, all of them, it is unnecessary to add, of considerable interest; but the two principal poems, from their particular subjects and from the intrinsic excellence of the originals, naturally demand our chief attention; and of the "Bard," it may farther be said, that the historical events, on which it is founded, render its appearance in a Welsh dress peculiarly gratifying.

The time and space, to which we are at this moment limited, will not allow us to enter as much into detail as we once intended. Yet we are not aware, that we should be able, by any observations, to present the real merit of these translations in a stronger view than may be done by the few passages we shall extract, and which too, we are sure, our readers will accept as an ample apology for the absence of any critical commentary of our own. The first extract is the commencement of "Palestine;" and we shall, in this and in the subsequent instances, give the original lines as well as the version.

" Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling?
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade."

" Dy blant dân raib, yn mhlith gelynyon ti
Amddivad, wyla, vanon weddw, wael,
Tros gov, ti Tsion, wyla! Ai dy le
Yw hwn, truenus Caer, dy orsedd hon,
Y cwna difaith gwyllt ei greigiawl grib
Oddiarni? tra y taena haul di lad
Ei ddig erwynder, ac y crwydriaid blin
Eu taith á geisiant vlas y fynnon brin?—
Pa le yn awr dy rwysg, à selid gân
Vreninoedd er eu mig? pa le yn awr
Dy nerth à drechai y breninoedd hyn?
Neb rhialluedd nis byddinant yn
Dy borth; neb cenedl eiriawl yn dy Deml
Ni heilia; yn dy wymp gynteddau nis
Defrôa bardd darogan delyn, chwaith
Ni swyna can: ond Divrawd, hevyd cul

Eisiwed, ac anwadal olwg Ovn
 Terylla yno, tra, yn mysg dy vriw
 Adveiliant, Anghov is eiddiorwg hudd
 Yn oer á dwya ei asgellen laith *.”—P. 3.

The happy characteristics of Mr. Heber's muse are very conspicuous in this passage; and the Welsh reader will see, that they are preserved, with considerable felicity, by Mr. Pughe, who has also communicated to some of the lines that melodious smoothness, which we had so much occasion to admire in *Coll Gwynva*. The single word, *rhiallued*, by which “ martial myriads” is translated, cannot fail to be also noticed as an instance of the force and expressiveness of the Welsh tongue.

The next passage comprises the fine appeal to the Supreme Being on behalf of the Jews, the Welsh translation of which will not suffer from a comparison with the original.

“ O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
 Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd !
 If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
 And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source;
 If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine !
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
 From far Euphrates to the western main ?
 For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play d ?”

“ O Ti, eu Tad, eu Llywydd, ac eu Ner,
 Cu am Dy drugareddau, am Dy nerth
 Ioledig ! er Dy Enw os digofêynt
 Y tônau vod eu grym, a chwiliaw gân
 Iorddonen adliv am ei hygrych dardd † ;
 Os y mynyddau er Dy Enw á foynt,
 A Sirion valch á grymai veinin bèn ;—

* * Ar y cyvryw ddull y darlunid cwsg gân y Groegiaid.”

† † Gwela Psalm cxiv.”

I ddwys ovidion Israel gwyra glust,
 A dercha Dy winwydden hir àr gil
 O lwch*! ei chnwd rheibiedig y digred
 A ddygant, a gwyddvaeddod rhwygant ei
 Magwyon. Ai er hyn y lledai hi
 Werinawl rwysg o bell Euphrates hyd
 Y gorllewinawl vor? ei changau dros
 Aml vryn er hyn y tavlai, ac o dwv
 Ei breichiau llydain vâl cedrwyddi gwiw?
 Y cysgai dân ei chysgawd Edom valch,
 Uwch yr Arabiain ddwvn y chwariai vrig?"—P. 13.

The advent of the Messiah in the following extract is also described in a rich vein of poetry, to which Mr. Pughe has done ample justice.

" Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming thro' the sky,
 Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;
 Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
 And crowding nations drank the orient light.
 Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
 And bending Magi seek their infant King!
 Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
 The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
 Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
 Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
 He comes:—but not in regal splendour drest,
 The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
 Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
 Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war.
 Messiah comes:—let furious discord cease;
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace!
 Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
 And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
 The beams of gladness hell's dark cave's illume,
 And mercy broods above the distant gloom."

" Na gwag eu gobaith:—yn pelydru drwy
 Y nwyvre, taenai oddivry wawr dydd
 O eirian luch; y drych á lawenâai
 Ynsoedd eithav daiar, ac y brys
 Genedloedd vynt y dwyrëain wawl.
 Gân seren, rhion dygynt roglau per
 Assyria, ac eu Ner y doethion lleddv

"* Gwela Psalm lxxx. 8—14."

A geisynt ! ai, yn eddain uwch ei bèn,
 A sylwych mán y taenai aden wèn
 Colomen flwch ogoniant odd ý nev ?
 Merch Tsion ! ter vrenines ! llawenâa !
 Dygurer law, gân elwch dercher lais !
 Dyddawa eve,—ond nid mewn rhiawl vri,
 Y dalaith valch, y Tyriain doron rudd ;
 Nid flàm ei arv, oll eirian luch o bell,
 Glw lluoedd, a phenadur rhyvel blwng.
 Messiah doa :—taweled cynhen wyllt ;
 Doed hedd âr ddalar rhag Tywysawg hedd !
 Trydeimlant glwyv a nych ei dwyad mad,
 Cythreuliaid cryn ing enaid blin llaesâant ;
 Trwy fauau ufern llathra lawen wawr,
 Ac uwch gwyll maith trugaredd brydia ias.”—P. 23.

We must here, though reluctantly, close our extracts from “Palestine,” in order to leave room for a short specimen of the “Bard,” which, for reasons already adverted to, has its peculiar claims on the Welsh reader ; and there are some, no doubt, who will also give it a preference on account of the more national metre, adopted in the translation. Unfortunately, we can only afford space for the commencement of the Ode ; and the happy manner, in which Mr. Pughe has transfused into his version the wild abruptness of the original, “Ruin seize thee &c.,” cannot fail to be noticed, and the whole is executed, with the same spirit. As this poem of Gray’s is so well known, we deem it unnecessary to transcribe the original lines.

“ ‘ RHEIBIED tranc ti, vrenin trwch !
 ‘ Càn drwst cei wae o dristwch ;
 ‘ Trwy gad cei vrad âr dy vri,
 ‘ O gwydd, o gawdd banieri,
 ‘ Er i orvod, rudd yrva,
 ‘ Heiliaw hawl ei hwyl i dra.
 ‘ I ti ni ddora er tawr
 ‘ Gyvgaened wèn na phênawr,
 ‘ Ni weddant dy rinweddau, dreisiad ! chwaith,
 ‘ Na letho arnat laith lwyth ovnau
 ‘ Nos, ac annosant nwydau Cymru lwys
 ‘ Dy enaid cudd gân ddwys gystuddiau* !’
 Diasbed seiniau arswyd syn
 Vâl hyn yn rhyh rhwadwy

* * B. A. 1282. Cyrchai Iorwerth I. âr y Cymry, ac y deuai un o ei

Ar wysg rhwysg Iorwerth certh y taenai
 Vraw, am Eryri draw pan droai
 Fordd ei osgordd vaith, daith ddiervai :
 Dewr lyw Caerloew dilavar savai * :
 Arvwn ! Mortimer goralwai, a phar
 Ryn ias ar wanas argyveiriai †." —P. 41.

To give, in a few words, our general opinion of these translations, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them worthy of their author. The same native energy and beauty of diction, the same nice discernment in the choice of expressions, the same rejection of uncouth and vulgar phraseology, that distinguish *Coll Gwynva*, are conspicuous here. And the feeble termination of lines, to which we objected as a trivial blemish in the former poem, is not of such frequent occurrence in the publication before us, of which, we think, we may also say, that it adheres, more literally, to the sense of the originals than the Translation of *Paradise Lost*. We are also glad to observe, that Mr. Pughe has, on this occasion, very properly rejected the double *r*, so preposterously retained in our modern orthography, without one argument of reason or common sense in its favour. In a word, whoever admires our ancient language for those characteristics, for which it is chiefly valuable, will hail, with pleasure, this new illustration of them by one, so well qualified for the task.

Of the miscellaneous poems, some translations and others original, a few have already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON, and one will be found in a subsequent page. The remainder it is our intention to insert hereafter. The work, we should also mention, is very appropriately dedicated to those English gentlemen, that patronize a cultivation of the Welsh tongue ; we say *appropriately*, since it appears to be one of Mr. Pughe's main objects, in all his writings, to instil into strangers such favourable, and, at the same time, correct ideas respecting our venerable language, as they are very unlikely to acquire from the generality of modern Welsh publications.

vyddinoedd gân vrad, trwy avon Gwy, wrth y Buallt, ac yno ar warthav y tywysawg Llywelyn, ac y lladdid ev, Rhagvyr 10, 1282; ac aethai Iorwerth rhagddo i oresgynu Gwynedd; ac y daliai y tywysawg Davydd, ac y dygid i Amwythig, a dienyddid eve yno."

" * Hwn oedd Gilbert de Clar, à gyveenwid Y Coch, Iarll Caerloew a Henfordd, mab-yn-nghyvraith i Iorwerth."

" † Edmond de Mortimer, Arlwydd Wigmor."